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Register

Volume LX

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Number I

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# Latin School Register

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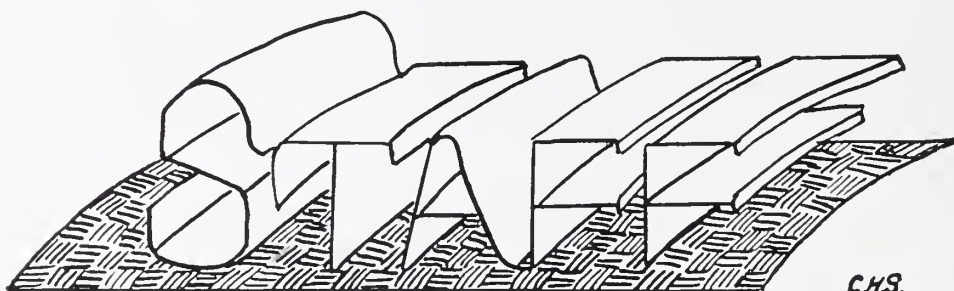
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“Haec in Hoc Libello Continentur”

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## BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

Summer, with all its pleasures, is over. A new school year has begun. This year, you have promised yourself to do the things which you have been intending to do year after year; joining clubs; going out for the teams; attending school functions; and last but certainly not least, really "hitting the books."

As for the REGISTER, you may have noticed from its cover that this current year is the sixtieth anniversary of its first publication. Including its predecessor, "The Bedford Street Budget," the REGISTER is the oldest still-existing high school publication in the United States. No doubt, many of you have been unaware that this publication is "another feather in our bonnet," another element of our glorious tradition, of which every Latin School boy is proud.

As is said year after year, there is only one thing the REGISTER staff demands from the school. That is CO-OPERATION. A fair request, you'll all agree. Every member of the student body, with no exceptions, should subscribe at least, and those who have any interest at all in journalism should join the REGISTER staff. There are positions open for boys willing to sacrifice a little time for the benefit of the school, and incidentally, even more so, for themselves.

As you all know, "CO-OPERATION is the essence of success"; and with yours, we can make the REGISTER the magazine it ought to be.

## THIS CHANGING WORLD

In this changing world of ours we find that once well-established thoughts and ideologies are also changing. Wars and instability the world over have made drastic changes in the hopes and aspirations of many a high school boy. The main problem lies with the young people of today, the citizens and workers of tomorrow. What cog in the spinning wheels of human machinery shall I be, and how shall I prepare myself?

Across the seas a great revolution is in progress. The interests of man have shifted from a world of arts and sciences to a world of gadgets. This mechanization of civilization has greatly affected America, and its industries have joined in this revolution.

The government will employ both directly and indirectly about four and a half million men in the new defense program. Thus a demand is being created for more skilled workers than are available. The job-seeker of today realizes that his classical education is of little advantage vocationally with this new program in progress. Therefore, education has taken a revolutionary twist, as seen by the sudden increase in attendance at all mechanical and trade schools.

The same is true in Latin School. The majority of students who will graduate will continue their studies in a school of higher learning. Now, many students, in order to take advantage of the new defense program, are considering a technical school like the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in preference to a liberal arts college.

But let us look towards the future! Let us look ahead not two or three years, but five, six, or even seven years, when we of Latin School shall be graduated from college. Let us ask ourselves this question: Will this revolution be a permanent part of our every-day lives or is it merely a transitory period? The war cannot last indefinitely, and neither can the pace at which we are preparing



for defense. Sooner or later the war will cease, and our defense program will gradually subside. There will be a repetition of history. The same crisis which existed after the World War will again exist. There will be too many trained mechanics, and not enough work for them. People will be tired of bloodshed and slaughter, and there will be a new movement towards conservatism, peace, and serenity. Then there will be a great need for educators and clear-thinking men with a general knowledge of our economic and domestic problems. Therefore, before deciding which college we wish to attend, let us keep in mind these facts and consider our choice with the future in view.

## ECONOMICS

Last June, a course in economics was admitted to the well-established curriculum of the school, and became a regular elective of Class I. The avowed purpose of the course is "to increase the student's knowledge and understanding of himself." Mr. Ralph Quinn, the master in charge of the study, is elated at the interest and diligence exhibited by the boys in pursuit of their new subject. We believe that the course promises to become one of the most popular in the school, for a practical knowledge of economic conditions is essential to every youth.

## MEMORABILIA

Say, what are you complaining about?

You don't know when to be thankful for what you haven't got. After you finish this brief historical sketch, you'll thank your stars for your easy curriculum. If you had been born too soon and were under the jurisdiction of Principal Ben Gould (1814-1828), you'd learn how to suffer and live.

Entrance would be easy: You would have to be "nine years old, well acquainted with the stops and marks used in writing, and with the various sounds and powers of letters." Your term of classical servitude would be five years—not six.

"It's a snap!" you say? But wait! Once you entered, you would learn only Greek and Latin and be released at eleven o'clock before noon. Don't rejoice too soon. You would then have to go to a private school for reading, writing, and elements of grammar. That's all for your first few years—comparatively easy when you hear what your studies would be in the upper classes. Prepare to tremble. . . . In your last two years your studies would include Greek, Latin, geography, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, algebra, and for relaxation then, as now, declamation once a week.

That was the classical grind. But you would have the young, likable Mr. Gould for principal. And he—but let him speak for himself (I quote from his writings): "It is important for a boy to know prosody to appreciate Latin authors. I stress that these young men compose their own poems to learn prosody properly." And so I can envision, as you probably can, the unfortunate youth of yesteryear struggling over Latin rhythms.

Oh, yes—you have a bed of roses here. However, despite this fact, a greater percentage of our boys enter college today than did yesterday. Therefore, bow reverently, bend your back, pay homage to the ghosts of the past, and thank Heaven you're a pupil of today.

## IT'S ONLY LOGICAL

It wasn't right for one of the six examples on the test to count fifty per cent of the whole; of that Jim was sure. Why, if someone, like him, had forgotten the formula, or, worse still, if he had never had it, how could he expect to do more than pass—if that? There was little that Jim didn't know about algebra, but one thing that always "stuck" him was a good time-and-work problem. It was obvious that if A took six days to do a job and B took three days, then together they wouldn't take nine days; but that was the answer he always got!

But there was Jones, right beside him, with the problem all done; that much he had seen in one casual glance. There was the paper, in plain sight; the teacher was busy at the desk; he would never know; Jones wouldn't care; then why not copy his paper? Carefully he copied all the work, figure for figure, and then went on to the next example, fully satisfied with himself.

The other five problems were easy, ridiculously so, and he had them done and checked in five minutes. With fifteen minutes left, he decided to check over Jones' work. Right in the beginning he found an error; later he found another. That was dangerous! If the teacher found two papers with the same mistakes, he might get suspicious!

Frantically, then, he erased the whole thing, especially the answer, "two and one-third days". But he still had over ten minutes left; so why not see if he couldn't figure it out? It must be logical; all mathematics is just a matter of common sense! Now, if A and B are working together, the work in a day must be the sum of what each can do in that time, that was obvious. Then, if it took A six days to do the whole job, then he could do one sixth of it in a day; likewise, B, who took only three days for

the whole, would do one third of it in a day. So, calling x the number of days it would take them together, then in one day they would do one x-th of the job per day. But this would give a set-up similar to the following:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \quad 1 \quad 1 \\ - + - = - \\ 6 \quad 3 \quad x \end{array}$$

and that obviously didn't make sense! But, with only three minutes left, he decided to work it out, and see what would happen. Much to his surprise, it came out even, an even two. That must have been the number of days they would take together, two days! That might even be right! He just finished writing "2 days" in the answer column when the bell rang, and he hopefully handed in his paper.

A Latin test the next period took Jim's mind from the algebra, and he didn't give it another thought until it was handed back on Monday. There were two very much surprised boys in that room just then: "Jim" Johnson and William Jones. Jim had 100%, everything right; and Jones, the "shark", had a beautiful red 35% at the top of his paper! Yes, Jim now knew how to do work problems; but, more than that, he was now convinced that "Crime does not pay!"

*Experientia docet!*

WILLIAM R. VON BERGEN,

Room 118

A brokerage house recently advertised: Let us put your name on our waiting list.

*Eight-year-old:* Mummy, I had a beautiful dream last night, all in technicolor.

New slogan for America: LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT.

## HOW WINDY MALONE MET HIS END

It was a small lunch-room. You know the kind; every airport has one. There were three small tables, but only one was occupied.—Most of the customers were seated at the counter.

Suddenly the lone man at the table got up and went over to one of the men at the counter. Slapping him on the back, he cried, "Oscar Fitch! Hey, Ossie; you haven't forgotten old Bill, have you?"

A smile of recognition spread over the second man's face as he answered, "Why say, if it isn't Bill Jackson! Why, I haven't seen you for how many years *has* it been?"

"Gee, I guess since you and Windy Malone left for St. Louis. It sure was too bad about Windy. I never *did* know how he cracked up. You were with him, weren't you?"

"I, with Windy? Yeah, I sure was. Come on over to a table; I'll tell you about it."

They sat down at one of the tables, and over Bill's cup of coffee, Oscar told his story.

"Well, it happened this way. We were on the St. Louis mail run, coming in from Chi. We heard that there was a bad storm coming, but Windy and me had gone through other storms before, and the mail's got to go through, you know.

"Now, we're out a half an hour, and the storm is really getting bad. Ten minutes later it's worse. I'm on the radio, and me and Windy have been out in plenty of other storms; but never one like this. Why, one lightning bolt nearly tore the earphones from my head.

"By this time I'm getting worried, but Windy assures me that everything is O.K. 'Don't worry about anything, Ossie,' he says, 'I've got through worse storms than this.' Windy isn't able to speak very good but nobody has any-

thing on Windy when it comes to flying. That's one thing about Windy; he's always a good flier.

"'Why, say, Ossie,' he says again, 'remember that time in the Sierras? That had it all over this little blow. We got through that all right, didn't we?'

"But Windy is just saying that to cheer me up. The storm we are going through is getting worse very minute. And that storm in the Sierras happened in the daylight when we could see where we were going. We're not able to see ten feet ahead of us now.

"I finally decide to call Jerry—Jerry was the radio operator at the St. Louis airport, and find out how the weather is there. When I contact him, he gives me this news: 'How's the weather *here*? Listen, Ossie, if you think it's bad where you are, you should see it down here! We've got an eighty-mile gale blowing, and hailstones are coming down big enough to sink a battleship. Oh, yeah, another thing. I don't want to worry you, but the landing field's lights have gone out. Guess lightning must have struck 'em. I'm running the radio on batteries!'

"'How are we going to see how to land?' I ask.

"'That' he answers, 'is the least of your worries! How are you going to find the airport itself? It's pitch dark here!'

"You can appreciate how I'm feeling. Fourteen thousand feet up in the air, heading for an airport which we can't see from the air; and then if we do happen to find it, we won't have any light to land by.

"But Windy is up to the proposition. That's one thing about Windy; he can think fast. Quick as a flash, his brain goes into action, and quick as a flash, he gets an idea. 'Ossie, tell Jerry to get all

the automobiles he can to the airport.'

"'Why?' I ask.

"'They can all turn on their headlights,' he answers, 'and we'll be able to see the field.'

"I feel kind of dumb, but give Jerry the instructions.

"Thirty minutes later we are over the airport. And what do you know, there are hundreds of automobiles all lined up on the outskirts. The field is lighted, plain as day. I build up Windy on his strategy. 'Aw, it was nothing,' he answers. 'That's one thing about Windy, he's always modest.

"I am feeling swell, when all of a sudden a hailstone as big as a cannon-ball shoots through the wing of our plane. I'm worried again. I try to call Jerry, when there's a bolt of lightning, and the radio's dead.

"Just then, another hailstone crashes through the tail of the ship. I'm getting pale now, and I try Windy for consolation.

"Windy is cool, as usual. He's heading the ship down. Not a drop of sweat is on his face, he is calm. That's one

thing about Windy, he's always cool.

"Down went the plane! I can tell you I was plenty worried. I was scared stiff. Looking out the window, I see the airport ambulance rushing to the spot where they expect us to crash. Even with the noise the motor is making, I hear the siren.

"Suddenly the plane goes into a spin, the ground is coming closer, and then—" He stopped.

"Was it a very bad crash?"

"Crash? Oh, we didn't crash."

"What do you mean, you didn't crash?"

"No! Windy got the plane out of her spin and set her down as light as a feather."

"Then how did Windy get killed?"

"Well, he was so excited he jumped out of the plane without looking and landed right in the path of the speeding ambulance. The poor guy never knew what hit him!"

"Bill" Jackson sat still for a long time. Then he got up and walked out of the lunch-room.

THEODORE PRICE, '42.

## COMFORT ON THE STREET-CAR

Most of the upper classmen have already evolved their own systems of riding on the Boston Elevated lavish street-cars. Therefore, this is intended mainly for the eyes of newcomers in Classes VI and IV-B. However, if any of you veterans of the Big Push wish to compare notes, read on; perhaps you will get a few pointers.

Approaching the question systematically, we shall first study the discomforts of crowding. The most apparent effect is pressure. Several things may be done. The simplest is to wait for a less crowded vehicle. This method is the most effective for the beginner, since it also eliminates all the other effects of crowding.

However, if you are more venture-some, another course is open to you. You can board a crowded car; and then, if you neglect to hold onto a strap, you may sway and stumble with every motion of the car, thus causing the other passengers to give you a wide berth. Of course, if you have natural talent, you may become one of the few who can break through and grab one of the swiftly diminishing empty seats. We can give you very little instruction on this point; but woe unto you if, lacking talent, practice, or instruction, you should attempt this method. Many boys succeed only in shoving those ahead of them into the car, thus making it more



uncomfortable for themselves when they finally pull themselves in.

In a very closely packed crowd, with no chance to relieve the pressure, you might as well divert your mind by various recreational activities. Naturally, I do not recommend swinging briefcases at one's neighbors, stamping on their toes, throwing other boys' books through closed windows, pulling emergency or transfer cords, or the like, as is practiced by boys from other unmentionable schools, where no system of censures exists. (For details, see your dean.) No; we at Latin School have gentler methods. You may stare amusedly at the base of another boy's neck, until its owner begins to fumble with his necktie, twists his head from side to side, or gives other entertaining performances. Then you may turn to the next boy. With a little practice you can take your minds off the pressure by torturing three or four boys simultaneously.

There are also minor discomforts due to crowding, the most important of which is the impossibility of reaching and getting out of the doors. Some inexperienced boys try standing against the door for the whole trip, but they are likely to be squashed flatter than one of the jokes in the "Let's Call It Quips" column by the first strong-willed person who desires to enter. The easiest way to get out of a car is to push the signal button just as the car leaves the stop before yours. Then stand in the middle of the aisle, shut your eyes, and relax. When the car suddenly stops, and the doors fly open, you will be on the outside. (This system works much better on the smaller, speedier cars with the doors at the forward end.) We have used this system many times, with pleasing results, to judge by the amused expressions on the row of faces staring out of the windows.

It should be understood that the above methods may be used only when

crowds consist of school boys, who are able to defend themselves. Under no circumstances should they be used against defenseless adults, most of whom don't know when to open a path between the car and the crowd, and when to open a path through the crowd itself. (*To the neophytes*: The latter method is used in smaller or less dense crowds.)

After crowding, the most important source of discomfort on street-cars is newspapers. If, through some odd circumstances, you happen to be carrying a newspaper on the street-car, don't attempt to read it there unless you have first had at least one hour of folding experience on the street-cars. *Sit sapienti verbum satis*. (That hasn't anything to do with you, but it gives our article tone.)

If you don't take news seriously, we can think of no reason off-hand why you should not read others' newspapers; but if you like to read every little item, you should not indulge in that popular pastime of combining gymnastics with journal-reading. (After that, we'll probably be called "Kernel" for the rest of our sojourn in B. L. S.) Many a time have we unwittingly ridden three stops past our usual one in order to discover what world-famous preparation cures lumbago, athletes' foot, and dandruff for only seventy-five cents a bottle, or to see how many thousand pounds of tobacco Turkey exported from January to July of 1940.

Well, now you know the rudiments. If any of you newcomers wish to have the advanced course, appear in the REGISTER office, hand in your vote to the master of Room 136, and we'll see what we can do about it.

(Mark Twain once said that the only individuals who ought to use "we" are editors and people with tapeworms. We don't have tapeworms; but, Mr. Marson, ah . . . er . . . er . . . !)

ALVAN S. BERNER '42.

## THE BALLAD OF A PIRATE'S LUST

*Captain Rant was the scourge of the sea  
In the early eighteenth century.  
Of this Captain Rant our tale is told,  
Of him and his thirsty lust for gold.*

In the Spanish Main the *Avenger* sailed,  
Manned by a pirate crew.  
Her captain's name was Oliver Rant,  
Her prizes far from few.

The *Avenger* plundered far and wide,  
And she traveled up and down.  
She sank the ships her lookout saw  
And robbed each coastal town.

Her eaptain soon became a threat  
To very merchantman,  
His name a curse on every lip,  
At which the children ran. .

He cared not whom his crew did kill  
Or made to walk the plank;  
And many another pirate crew  
Beneath the sea he sank.

But he loved his gold, and it soon  
became  
His only aim in life.  
At night he sat and counted it through,  
Ill-gotten by plunder and strife.

Doubloons and guineas and pieces of  
eight,  
As well as jewels galore—  
It was more than enough for a hundred  
kings,  
But still he wished for more.

He filled his cabin from ceiling to floor,  
With chests overflowing with gold.  
So much there was that at once it was  
seen  
The cabin no more could hold.

At the first lone isle the anchor he cast,  
And then he rowed ashore.

He took his gold and some of the crew,  
Which came to the number of four.

They dug a hole and buried the gold  
And covered it up again.  
And when Captain Rant went back to  
the shore,  
The four were all dead men.

Then lo and behold! the ship became  
A toy on the vast, blue sea.  
Sailing on and on, with her bow to the  
south,  
Out of sight very soon was she.

For the crew had known that the gold  
lay deep  
In the land beyond the shore.  
Four others had known and now lay  
dead;  
What need were any more?

So they weighed the anchor, and he was  
left  
To rot with his filthy gold.  
He could count it over and over again,  
A thousand times tenfold.

Oliver Rant was afraid to watch  
That ship go out of sight.  
He dug up his gold and guarded it well  
From break of dawn till night.

He knew that Death had made its  
choice,  
And his heart was full of fear.  
Though he had no food and he had no  
drink,  
His gold he still loved dear.

The years passed by ere a sail did stop  
At that lone, uncharted place.  
And the crew did look from tip to tip  
To find of men a trace.

They found no people, but they found a  
hole,

Deep in the brown, brown earth.  
It was full of chests of jewels and gold;  
No one could value their worth.

They looked about and also saw  
Four skeletons around.

Bleached by the sun, in that deep, wide  
hole,

Another one was found.

Its face and hands were buried deep  
Into a chest of gold.

The gold, the bony fingers clutched,  
Nor did they loose their hold.

When the fingers at last were drawn  
from the chest,

At once they fell to dust.  
Through life and death this pirate bold  
Had never lost his lust.

PAUL LASKIN, '42.

## ALUMNI NOTES

"Joe" Koufman, Latin '37, prominent end at Harvard for the past two years, has been shifted to running guard. "Joe" received a great honor at Fort Ethan Allen during the summer when he was awarded a saber as the outstanding cadet. Recently he was made Colonel of the Harvard Unit . . . Fred Keyes, also '37, was elected captain of the baseball team at Harvard for 1941. Keyes starred in both football and baseball here at B. L. S. . . . In last year's Harvard Freshman Class, the following B. L. S. grads qualified for high distinction: Joel Cohen, Philip Feldman, Jack Levenson, and Bernard Rosen. Isaac Kantrovitz and Frank Lewis qualified for distinction. Levenson was advertising manager and executive editor of the REGISTER while here. All graduated in '39, except Lewis, who is a member of the class of '38. . . . As the scene shifts on the bank of the Charles from Harvard to M. I. T., we see three outstanding members of last year's senior class here as freshmen with scholarships. They are "Art" Muriph, "Charlie" Ginsberg, and "Iggie" Barr. Muriph and Ginsberg were active members of last year's REGISTER Staff. . . . "Art" Vershbow, Latin '39, received an award for having the highest mark in the whole Freshman class of M. I. T. While at Latin School, he won a prize every year. . . . Swinging

back to sports, big things are expected of Harry Gorman at Bates this year, both in football and basketball. Harry was captain of the Latin football team during his senior year. . . . Chester Berry, '36, has been appointed an instructor at Dartmouth for this year. He graduated from Dartmouth last spring. At Latin School he was an all-around athlete, winning letters in track, hockey, swimming, baseball, and golf. . . . The following paragraph appeared in Leonard Lyons' column of the *Washington Post* on Sunday, October sixth: School Department: Guy Emerson is the New York banker and treasurer of the Audubon Society whose knowledge of bird life was featured in a spread in *Life* magazine. Photos were published showing a rare, successful albatross hunt, with Emerson at the helm . . . Emerson then received a number of fan letters. One of them puzzled him. It was from Howard Lindsay, of "Life With Father," who merely quoted four lines from a sad poem called "The Mad Mortons," and then asked: "Who wrote this poem?"

\* \* \*

English Master: "Give me a sentence."

Smart: "What are you doing tonight?"

Master: "What kind of sentence?"

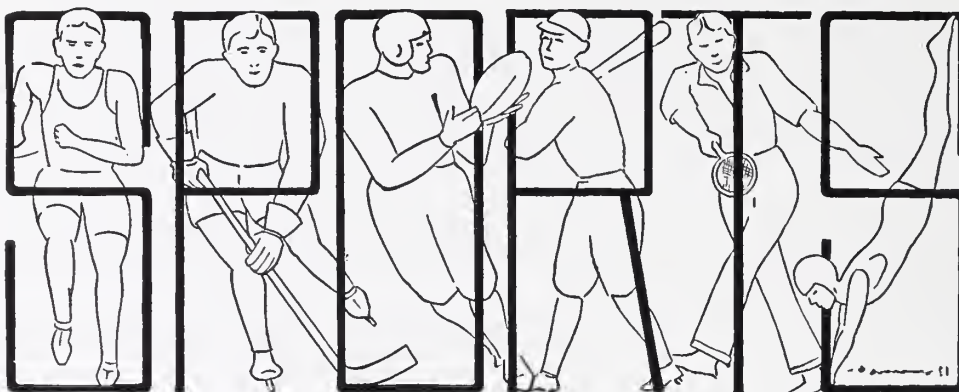
Smart: "Inquisitive."











## LATIN ON PARADE

Out with those moleskins! Sharpen those cleats! The football season is here.

The Purple and White, though beset by ineligibility and injuries, yet rears her proud head aloft, eager to redeem her fair name on the gridiron. Material this year is plentiful and promising with seven letter-men, veterans of a hardy campaign, ready to step into the first team and join Coach Fitzgerald's four hopefuls. Latin has tried and capable eleven to represent her for 1940.

At left end is the veteran George Casey, one hundred sixty pounds of fighting man, an excellent pass-receiver, a great offensive blocker, and impenetrable on the defense. Capably filling the other flank post is "Gudy" Gudaitis, a scrappy senior, who is in his first year, outbested all tried aspirants for his job. Big, amiable "Billy" Ward, the aggressive 200-pound left tackle of last year's frontier, will again prove an immovable bulwark on defence. "Fred" Kelley, a tall lad, with his 180 pounds distributed to good advantage on his rangy frame, is a strength on defense, and a tiger on offense. Fast on his feet, "Freddie" switches from his tackle post to lead the downfield blocking, as running guard, when the Purple starts to roll. Guarding

well the Latin territory are John Collins and "Bill" Curran. John is an ingenious lad, who always thinks of some play, in or out of the books, to cope with every confronting situation. Converted from a tackle to an end, versatile "Bill" now is playing guard. He is a team man. At center there is "Larry" Redgate. Remember him? He's the chap who picked a bullet-like English pass out of thin air, halting the drive that was knocking at Latin's backdoor.

In the backfield? Why, there's "Bill" Connolly, the red-haired powerhouse, star of the diamond and track, who, with his elusive, swivel-hipped running, punting, and passing is anew earning himself playonts. "Bill" Killion, a body-jarring, bone-crushing blocker, is the unsung hero of the backfield. "Bill" can run, too. Holding slight edges on the other two starting berths are peppery little "Bill" Monahan and mighty "Dave" Slattery.

Slated for a starting position is "Strongboy" Coshnear, a husky tackle, fretting away on the bench with a leg infection. Also sidelined, but by ineligibility, are Tarushka, guard, and "Tom" Sullivan, fullback and kicker. Up and coming is Rattet, a scrappy heady signal-caller. He can run and pass; all he needs is experience. Other likely players are Kruger, Van Buskirk,

"Al" Kelley, Waitkunas, Zwalich, Kin-eavy, Lee, and Green, who are keeping the starters constantly on their toes.

The team this year is light and fast. An outstanding passer is needed, but several boys are doing well. The forward wall is powerful and skilled. The running attack is strong; and as soon as fundamentals are mastered, watch the tricky offense.

Not a breather can be found on this year's schedule, with a powerhouse B. C. High and a giant English team as major objectives. Good luck to you, Coach Fitzgerald, and to you, team. We're all rooting for you, in victory or defeat.

### B. L. S. Tops St. Marks

On September 28th, the 1940 Latin footballers displayed their wares for the first time and walked off with a 7-0 victory. The victory was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that our boys had had only one practice scrimmage. As a result, the Purple and White bag of tricks consisted of exactly five plays. With this limited repertoire, the Latin stalwarts proved that "Gil" Dobie might have been right.

The scoring punch was supplied by two backs—Connolly and Slattery, both of whom are well-remembered stars of Coach Fitzgerald's baseball team. The touchdown, scored by lanky "Red" Connolly on a wide end sweep from the 20-yard line, climaxed a 45-yard march. "Dave" Slattery then took charge of the touchdown conversion by flipping a short pass to George Casey for the extra point.

That was all there was so far as scoring was concerned. Latin threatened twice more, but was unable to reach "pay dirt," while the Southboro boys, for the most part, showed little offensive power.

This summary would not be complete without mention of the sensational play of the hard-charging B.L.S. line, which, from tackle to tackle, played without substitution for the entire sixty minutes. In fact, the team as a whole showed exceptional promise and gave fair warning that the Purple and White is in for a banner football season.

The Latin line-up:

L.e., Casey; l.t., Ward; l.g., Collins; c., Redgate; r.g., Waitkunas; r.t., F. Kelley; r.e., Curran (Gudaitis); q.b., Zawalich (Rattet); l.h.b., Murphy (Connolly); r.h.b., A. Kelley (Slattery); f.b., Killion (Kruger).

### Latin Stalls Artisans

A fighting Latin eleven, intent on avenging the 31-0 drubbing administered last year, succeeded in holding the powerful Mechanic Arts football machine in a hard-fought contest that ended in a 0-0 stalemate. George Casey assumed the hero role when he pulled the Purple and White out of a very ticklish situation by recovering a fumble just as an Artisan score seemed inevitable.

The air was filled with leather from the initial whistle, as each team attempted to "blitzkrieg" its opponent into submission. However, successful passes were as rare as proverbial hen's teeth, and most of the aerials fell unerringly into the eager arms of an opposing back.

Latin found itself in deep water in the opening quarter when "Eddie" Zawalich's punt was blocked and recovered by Mechanic Arts. Fortunately, the Artisans found the pigskin as tough to handle as a hot potato, and B. L. S. recovered a fumble on their own 10-yard stripe. A succession of penalties hindered the Purple and White advance greatly; Coach Holland's players were also un-

able to make any headway in the second period.

A short kick in the third quarter gave M. A. its golden opportunity, and they quickly marched from the Latin "32" to the "5". Walker, spearhead of the Artisan drive, plunged to the "2" but fumbled; and "Johnny - on - the - Spot" Casey fell on the loose ball to put an end to this final Mechanic Arts threat.

The Latin line-up:

L.e., Casey; l.t., Ward; l.g., Collins; c. Redgate; r.g., Waitkunas (Van Buskirk); r.t., F. Kelley; r.e., Curran (Gudaitis); q.b., Zawalich (Rattet) (A. Kelley); l.h.b., Murphy (Connolly); r.h.b., Slattery; f.b., Killion (Kruger).

### Brookline Topples Latin

A power-laden Brookline outfit was forced to "shoot the works" in order to eke out a 7-0 win over Coach Fitzgerald's gridiron warriors, who stymied their opponents for three full periods. The hefty Brookliners were almost three deep in the line, and it was this tremendous reserve strength which decided the game.

Latin started to roll from the opening whistle, and the surprised and rather sluggish Brookline aggregation found itself mired deep in its own territory throughout the initial period. The Brooks substituted an entire new team to open the second quarter, and this second eleven bottled up the Purple and White effectively.

As the second half opened, it was obvious that it was only a question of time before the weary B.L.S. battlers would succumb to the refreshed Brookline first eleven. The Brookliners battered their way to the Latin "15," where the attack momentarily stalled; but a desperate fourth down pass clicked for the touchdown. The extra point was then converted.

Latin made a last-ditch attempt to

knot the count and almost succeeded when an aerial barrage sparked by "Red" Connolly, who pitched pass after pass to Wingmen Casey and Gudaitis, carried Latin to the Brookline "20." There the drive was stopped; and before the Back Bay boys could again obtain possession of the ball, the game ended.

The Latin line-up:

L.e., Casey; l.t., Ward; l.g., Curran Zawalich; c., Redgate (Kineavy); r.g., Collins (Mercuri); r.t., F. Kelley; r.e., Gudaitis (Lyne); q.b., Connolly (A. Kelley); l.h.b., Monahan (Dunn); r.h.b., Slattery (Murphy); f.b., Killion (MacIntyre).

### B. L. S. Defeats Memorial by Powerful Air Attack

The Purple and White aerial attack elicited on all cylinders on October eighteenth, and, as a result, the Latins rolled a 19-6 win over Roxbury Memorial. The accent was strictly on passing, and both elevens did all their scoring via the air lanes.

Memorial gave the Latin rooters a thorough scare when, early in the initial period, they racked up a tally on a 30-yard pass and stubbornly refused to relinquish the lead until midway in the second quarter. It was then that Coach Fitzgerald's charges found the range and unleashed a sudden aerial bombardment that reached "pay dirt" twice in the space of a few minutes. Sparked by the pile-driving "Joe" Kruger and the accurately passing "Bill" Connolly, Latin marched from its own "35" to the Roxbury "15", where "Bill" threw a pass to George Casey for the score.

Not content with merely scoring a touchdown, the omnipresent Casey shortly thereafter intercepted a pass on the B. L. S. "40." Then, after a 5-yard off-side penalty was inflicted against Latin, Connolly, not in the least dis-



heartened, hurled a long pass to (you guessed it!) Mr. Casey, who jaunted twenty yards for the score.

The Purple and White chalked up their final tally in the last period. "Red" ran back a Memorial kick to the enemy "23", but Roxbury braced and took the ball on downs. B. L. S., nothing daunted, came back immediately and scored on a bullet pass from the indefatigable Mr. Connolly to Charley Gudaitis. Connolly-to-Casey through the air accounted for the extra point.

"Bill" Ward, our superlative left tackle, was unanimously elected captain of the eleven before the game; and the big boy celebrated by playing a bang-up game, offensively and defensively.

The Latin line-up included the following:

L.e., Casey (Lyne); l.t., Ward (Mercuri); l.g., Collins (Zawalich); c. Redgate (Kineavy); r.g., Curran (Waitkunas); r.t., F. Kelley (Coshnear); r.e., Gudaitis (Greeley); q.b., Monahan (MacIntyre); l.h.b., Connolly (Dunn); r.h.b. Kruger (Slattery); f.b., Killion (Monahan) (A. Kelley).

## DROPS from the SHOWERS

Many of our up-and-coming football players have departed for other schools. Looks like sabotage!

. . . Noticeably missing from this year's lineup is "Bunny" Rowen, one of the few all-sport men in the city, ineligible because of four years of play . . . Coach Fitzgerald is certainly wishing he had another man-mountain line like 1938's Gianini, Jackson, Ward, and Kragewski. . . . Somebody asked what "Red" Connolly was running from in the St. Mark's game. He certainly lived up to his reputation as one of the fastest fifty-yard men in the city. . . . "Bill" Ward was elected captain of the team this year. "Bill," an old hand at the game

thoroughly deserves the honor. He is also a candidate for President of the class of '41, with a very good chance of being elected. . . . With graduation leaving only four regulars in Ward, Casey, Redgate, and Killion, there was plenty of opportunity for new material to step in. . . . Absent from the first few games was "Larry" Coshnear, who incidentally is the youngest member of the regulars! "Larry" was confined to the hospital because of a skin infection, but is now "raring" to go. . . . George Casey certainly lived up to Will Cloney's (he's the *Herald* reporter) expectations of him as a pass-receiver and good defensive end. In the St. Mark's game, he caught a beautiful pass from Slattery for the extra point and, in the Mechanic Arts game, proved the hero of the day by retrieving a fumble on Latin's 13-yard line. . . . The track and baseball teams are well represented on the squad this year. . . .

. . . *Heard in the Locker-Room—Coach:* What is the definition of a line buck?—*Player:* Two halves make a hole, and the fullback goes through (Oooh!) . . . Brought along my slide-rule to the Mechanics game, remembering last year; but—. . . How are you placing your bets on the annual Thanksgiving Day party? After 1939, there are very few confident E.H.S. rooters. At any rate, we'll see you at kick-off time.

## Tennis News

The B.L.S. Tennis Team, under the expert guidance of Mr. Pennypacker and co-managed by Herman Chait and Coleman Goldberg, this year has adopted racket-wielders who will represent the Purple and White in the forthcoming spring matches. More than sixty tennis hopefuls reported to Mr. Pennypacker and are now vying for places on the team. Under the Ladder System, every

competitor is given ample opportunity to demonstrate his skill and gain a berth on the squad.

Individual Class Tournaments are scheduled for the spring in order that the foundation may be laid for future teams.

The managers assure us that the spring schedule will include matches

with many of the better-known tennis clubs in the vicinity.—At the present time, the ten ranking players are seeded as follows:

- |              |              |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Greenspan | 6. McNamee   |
| 2. Auerbach  | 7. Green     |
| 3. Chait     | 8. Kouris    |
| 4. Higgins   | 9. Garrett   |
| 5. Branch    | 10. Goldberg |

### DO YOU KNOW THAT . . . .

The statue of Alma Mater on the first floor is more remarkable than most of us ever guessed. When it was placed there, it was decreed that it might not put the wreath down until a senior who hasn't run for office walks past it. . . . According to a REGISTER of 1934: The deportment of a pupil varies as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk. . . . In an interclass meet in 1909 the Seniors went down to defeat at the hands of Classes V and VI. . . . Dissatisfied with the REGISTER in 1909, one Kelley of Class V began publication of his own newspaper—"The Enterprise" . . . Benjamin Gould was appointed headmaster of the Latin School in 1814 while still a senior at Harvard. His predecessor had withdrawn from the school 'because it was in such a state of disorder that he could not control it.' (*Editor's note*: Mr. Gould restored order, introducing the misdemeanor mark and monthly report card) . . . Mr. Weinert carries a small magnifying glass to decipher homelessons and test papers. . . . In the 1880's one of the female sex actually attended classes at B. L. S. (Woo-woo!) . . . Mr. McGuffin has published the following works: "Lines from Distant Lands" (1923), "Primitive English Rhetoric" (1923), and "Waltham Book of Citizenship" (1926) . . . .

Of the 270 boys who graduated from The Latin School in 1939, no less than 133 almost exactly half, received honor grades in the C. E. E. B. examinations (you know, the "Boards") . . . . Forty-

six Latin School boys were accepted by Harvard last year, which means that, of a class chosen from the most studious young men of the entire country and perhaps of the world, one in every twenty comes from our B. L. S. Not bad, we think. . . . Of the eight hundred aspiring youngsters who entered Latin with fond hopes of graduating as the class of '40, only 241 actually achieved that ambition. Just think what Col. Penney would have done with another regiment of officers if they had all remained. On the other hand, how did they manage in 1916, with only eighty-seven seniors? . . . It must have been easy to get on the Class Committee in those days. . . . Still on the subject of military officers, today's Third-Classmen might feel better if they knew that they are the 168th Latin School generation to discover that *Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres*. Their great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfathers sweated just as hard, 'way back when. . . . Along more happy lines, did you know that over 12,000 tickets are sold each fall for the English-Latin football game? Bostonians seem to like pigskin with their turkey on Thanksgiving. . . . Mr. John Fitzgerald tells us that, in the course of an average school year, he will treat three out of every four boys in the school for minor injuries. Mr. Fitzgerald, in case you haven't heard, is the Red Cross first-aid representative for B. L. S. . . . Just keep on thinking till we jolt you again next month. . . .

## OUR LORDS AND MASTERS

MR. O'LEARY: Teaches history in Room 325 . . . Born, 1907, in West Roxbury . . . Graduated from B.L.S., 1927, where he played football on a team which beat English, 7-0 . . . Remembers especially Mr. Max Levine and his phonograph, Mr. Hobbs warning the boys not to neglect their studies, and Mr. "Charlie" Fitzgerald driving the football team to Alumni Field to clean off the pebbles . . . Received his A.B. and A.M. from Boston College, 1931, where he was on the debating team; Ed.M. from Teachers College, 1932 . . . Came to B.L.S. in 1932 . . . Married . . . Faculty adviser to Debating Club . . . Spent his summer in New Hampshire, where he caught up on his fishing.



MR. DOBBYN: Teaches Mathematics and Latin in Room 121 . . . Born, 1892, in Charlestown . . . Graduated from B.L.S., 1908, together with Joseph Kennedy, present American ambassador to England . . . While here, he was "no bigger than a pin" and did not have his first long pants till he was in college . . . Won the Classical Prize in Class IV . . . Received his A.B. from Harvard in 1912 and then entered Harvard School of Engineering . . . After this he held five different jobs in rapid succession within a span of thirteen years as draftsman and mechanical engineer . . . Received his Ed.M. from Harvard in 1926 and, after a year at English High, came to Latin School as a Junior Master . . . Has "one wife, one child," a cute little boy three years' old . . . Considers Latin School students "cream of school population" . . . Advocates the motto "Do It Now"—especially as applied to home lessons . . . Pet dislike: the lunchroom . . . Summers at Milton, N. H., where he has a cottage . . . Resides in Roslindale.



MR. PATTEN: Instructs the lower classes on physical education in the gymnasium . . . Born, 1902, in Cambridge . . . Captain of the football and baseball teams while at Somerville High . . . Received his Ph.B. from B.C. in '27, where he played varsity football and baseball . . . Played semi-pro ball in the Twilight League . . . Attended Harvard Graduate School of Education in '31 . . . Married . . . One daughter—eleven months old . . . Teacher-coach at Beverly, '28-'30 . . . Came to B.L.S. in '33 . . . Is a movie camera enthusiast . . . Resides in South Boston . . . Directs the First Aid Club . . . Faculty Manager of Athletics for all Boston's public schools . . . Started basketball tournament among the lower classes, which is now an annual affair . . . In his spare time, he officiates at football games, intercollegiate and interscholastic.





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... THE "STARS" WHO MUST TALK

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KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT  
WHEN YOU GO OUT  
FOR PASSES.



## RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



July 10: "How long, O ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity?"—*Proverbs*; 22. Germans in Paris; C. E. E. B. marks in the mail box. Your reporters are sending their results to the Dies Committee for investigation. They strongly suspect their marks are "Red" propaganda.

Sept. 11: Heh! heh! heh! Little do the tykes of Classes VI and IVB who registered today know what they are getting into. Only the shadow (of the class of '40) knows. Heh! heh! heh!

Sept. 12: *Les portes s'ouvrent*. Pity those poor misguided souls who expected to remain only until noon. The School Committee had been at work, and we left at 2:30 p.m., W. H. (with home-lessons).

Sept. 13: Perhaps it was Friday the thirteenth or maybe it was his 130 pounds. Well, whatever it was, your R.R.R. was definitely told, in rather strong terms, that he was out of place among the football players, who, bye the bye, were called out today.

Sept. 16: Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! the boys are marching . . . ! Colonel Penney consoled us with "It'll be fun, too!"

Sept. 17 . . . The first Tuesday of the school year. By careful mental calculation, the REGISTER's Raving Reporter discovered that only 37 more Tuesdays remain to suffer through.

Sept. 18: Your R. R. R. was refused admittance to the first meeting of that elite organization Club Detention by a scant ten seconds. The motto of the club: "We detain those who detain themselves."

Sept. 19: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." It must have. The first meeting of the Music Appreciation Club was filled to capacity.

Sept. 20: "Aaarrvay Marrreeeya!" Nuff said. First meeting of the Glee Club this afternoon. (Your R. R. R. *prima donna* was present, but asked to leave.)

Sept. 23: Mr. Sordillo won't understand why so many boys got on his band wagon today. Your R. R. R. will now proceed to enlighten the *maestro*. The musicians eat early.

Sept. 24: God Bless America! With no school sessions, we watched the greatest spectacle of our young lives; True Americans on Parade! The Legion marched and marched and marched.

Sept. 25: With the school year scarcely under way Class I elections are already uppermost in the minds of 250 modest Seniors who wonder if any one is going to be clever enough to nominate them. (Who's going to nominate *us*? YEIHUDI.)

Sept. 26: Mr. Wenners "blitzkrieged" Seniors with his notice concerning the additional cost of year-book pictures to those who haven't been subscribing to the REGISTER.

Sept. 30: The first fire drill was held today. Your reporters have noticed that all the drills come during the home-room periods. (We wonder if a fire will be

so considerate about not interfering with our program.)

Oct. 1: Red-eared, rosy-faced Rollo's rehearsing. The Glee Club is in full swing, but we don't mean *Swing*. Per order of a recent Bulletin, boys must wear neckties with ordinary shirts. (Gosh! Soon they'll be making us wear shoes.)

Oct. 2: The REGISTER opened its sixth decade of unbroken service to the school today with the first meeting of the Literary Staff. The members received an inspiring talk from Mr. Marson, who generally inspires the boys before the first issue goes to press, and almost expires when he sees the final results.

Oct. 7: *Resolved*: That the Debating Club shall be the most successful club in Latin School. Affirmative: The Debating Club in session, with President O'Connor presiding. The negative side

(the other clubs) lost by default.

Oct. 8: The Aviation Club got off to a flying start. There was a time when your R. R. R. played around with airplanes—until he nearly cut off his finger with the razor.—Now a razor is reserved for cutting his face.

Oct. 9: One Senior claims he has now pledged himself to nine different would-be Class Committee men; and, mind you, nominations are weeks away.

Oct. 10: Ah, it was a gala day in school! Yes, your R. R. R. really enjoyed himself. And why shouldn't he? After all, it was Pulaski Day! Too bad the School Committee did not allow us to celebrate more fully at home.

Oct. 11: New type of drill adopted. It is all very confusing to ye R. R. R. who doesn't know how to march, anyway.

## TUTORING

IN

ENGLISH	ALGEBRA (Elementary and Advanced)
LATIN	GEOMETRY (Plane, Solid, Analytic)
	PLANE
GREEK	TRIGONOMETRY
FRENCH	HISTORY (Ancient, American)
	PHYSICS
GERMAN	CHEMISTRY

Those who intend to take the College Board Examinations should keep in mind my intensive reviews in May and June. Thirty years' tutorial experience has gone into the making of these reviews.

**MARCUS HORBLIT, A. B.**

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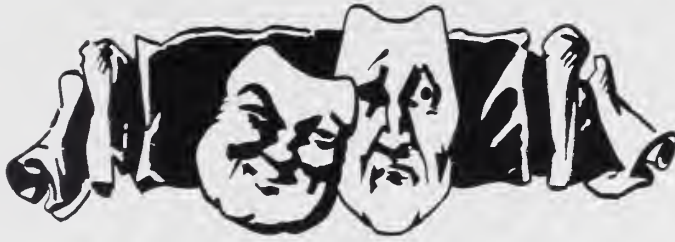
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A former Governor of Minnesota, recently elected to Congress, appeared one day before the assembled convicts at Stillwater Penitentiary, to make a speech. Forgetting his audience he began, "Fellow-citizens . . ." A murmur of delight sounded through the large room. Becoming confused, the Governor started again:

"Fellow-convicts . . ." he stammered in his embarrassment. The laughter grew louder and louder.

"Oh, you know what I mean," he exclaimed; "I am glad to see so many of you here."

With that the laughter grew into an uproar and the Warden led the Governor out into the open air.

—*Readers' Digest.*

\* \* \*

### SMART SAYINGS OF CLEVER STUDENTS

Science Teacher: "Here's an article written by a scientist which says that insects have emotions. He claims frequently to have seen a mosquito weep."

A Fifth Classman: "Well, I've often seen a moth ball!"

\* \* \*

Mr. Bowker has suggested that a "board eraser takes in more math than any student in the school."

\* \* \*

Master: "It gives me great pleasure to give you sixty in Greek."

Third Classman: "Why don't you give me ninety . . . and have a swell time?"

First Classman: "I'm not going to school today."

Second Classman: "Why not?"

First Classman: "Because I don't feel well."

Second Classman: "Where don't you feel well?"

First Classman: "In school!"

\* \* \*

First Fresh: "What's the matter?"

Second Fresh: "Aw, it's the eternal triangle again: me, my studies, and my ma."

\* \* \*

First Classman (arrested for speeding): "But, Your Honor, I am a Latin School boy."

Judge: "Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody!"

\* \* \*

The French Department has asked that you save your fiction for the REGISTER and not try to pass it off for translation.

\* \* \*

Chem. Teacher: "First I'll take some chloroform; then I'll take some sulphuric acid . . ."

Chorus: "That's a good idea!"

\* \* \*

One: "I'm suing my English teacher for libel."

The Other: "Why?"

One: "He wrote on my theme, 'You have vague relatives and faulty antecedents'."



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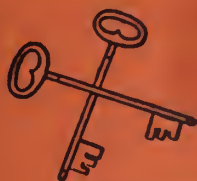
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## College of Engineering

Offers for young men curricula in Civil, Mechanical (with Diesel, Air-Conditioning, and Aeronautical options), Electrical, Chemical, Industrial Engineering and Engineering Administration. Classroom study is supplemented by experiment and research in well-equipped laboratories. Degree: Bachelor of Science in the professional field of specialization.

## College of Business Administration

Offers for young men six curricula: Accounting, Banking and Finance, Marketing and Advertising, Journalism, Public Administration, and Industrial Administration. Each curriculum provides a sound training in the fundamentals of business practice and culminates in special courses devoted to the various professional fields. Degree: Bachelor of Science in Business Administration.

## School of Law

Offers three-year day and four-year evening undergraduate programs leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws. A minimum of two years of college work, or its full equivalent, required for admission to undergraduate programs. Case method of instruction.

The School also offers a two-year evening program open to graduates of approved law schools and leading to the degree of Master of Laws. Undergraduate and graduate programs admit men and women.

## School of Business

Offers curricula through evening classes in Accounting, Industrial Management, Distributive Management, and Engineering and Business, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Business Administration in specified fields. Preparation for C. P. A. Examinations. A special four-year curriculum in Law and Business Management leading to the Bachelor of Commercial Science degree with appropriate specification is also offered. Shorter program may be arranged. Co-educational.

## Evening Courses of the College of Liberal Arts

Certain courses of the College of Liberal Arts are offered during evening hours affording concentration in Economics, English, History and Government or Social Science. A special program preparing for admission to the School of Law is also available. The program is equivalent in hours to one-half the requirement for the A.B. or S.B. degree. Associate in Arts title conferred. Co-educational.

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